

The SON OF TARZANA

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XXVII—(Continued).

WHAT she did mean, she scarcely knew. She thought that she loved him; of that there can be no question. But she thought that love for this young Englishman was disloyalty to Korak, for her love of Korak was undiminished—the love of a sister for an indulgent brother.

As they stood there for the moment of the conversation the sounds of tumult in the village subsided.

"They have killed him!" whispered Meriem.

The statement brought Baynes to a realization of the cause of their return.

"Wait here," he said. "I will go and see. If he is dead, we can do him no good. If he lives, I will do my best to find him."

"We will go together," replied Meriem. "I will lead the way back toward the tent in which they last had seen Korak."

As they went they were often forced to throw themselves to the ground to avoid the shadow of a hand or foot, for people were passing hurriedly to and fro now—the whole village was aroused and moving about. The return to the tent of all Ben Kadim took much longer than had their swift flight to the village.

As they crept to the slit that Korak's knife had made in the rear wall, Meriem peered within—the rear apartment was empty. She stepped through the aperture, Baynes at her heels, and then silently turned the space to the rugs that partitioned the tent into two rooms. Parting the rooming, Meriem looked into the front apartment. It, too, was deserted.

She crossed to the door of the tent and looked out. Then she gave a little gasp of horror. Baynes at her shoulder looked past her to the sight that had met her, and he, too, was excited; but his was an oath of anger.

A hundred feet away they saw Korak bound to a stake—the brush piled about him already alight. The Englishman pushed Meriem to one side and started on a run toward the doomed man. What he could do in the face of scores of hostile blacks and Arabs he did not stop to consider.

At the same instant Tantor broke through the palisade and charged the group. The face of the maddened beast the crowd turned and fled, carrying Baynes backward with them.

In a moment it was all over, and the elephant had disappeared. The prize elephant had disappeared through the palisade but had not been killed. The prize elephant had reigned throughout the village. Men, women, and children ran hither and thither for safety. Curs fled, yelping. The horses and camels and donkeys, terrified by the trumpeting of the pachyderm, kicked and pulled at their tethers.

A dozen or more broke loose, and it was the galloping of these past that Baynes and Meriem saw the idea of a horse head. He turned to search for Meriem, only to find her at his elbow.

"The horses!" he cried. "If we can get a couple of them."

"Loosen two of them," she said, "and lead them back into the shadows behind those huts. I know where there are and I will bring them and the brides, and before he could stop her she was gone."

Baynes quickly untied two of the frightened animals and led them to the point designated by Meriem. Here he waited impatiently for what seemed an hour, but was in reality but a few minutes. Then he saw the girl approaching beneath the burden of two saddles.

Quickly they placed these upon the horses. They could see by the light of the torture fire that still burned that the blacks and Arabs were recovering from their panic. Men were running about gathering in the loose stock and two or three were already leading their captives toward the tent in the village where Meriem and Baynes were busy with the trappings of their mounts.

Now the girl flung herself into the saddle, to run for it. "Ride through the gap that the elephant made," and as she saw Baynes swing his leg over the back of his horse she shook the reins free over her mount's neck. With a lunge, the nervous beast leaped forward. The sharp, nervous beat of straight through the center of the village, behind her, their horses running at full speed.

So sudden and impetuous their dash for liberty that it carried them half way across the village before the surprised inhabitants were aware of what was happening. Then an Arab recognized them and raised a cry of alarm, raised his rifle and fired.

The shot was a signal for a volley, and amid the rattle of musketry Meriem and Baynes leaped their flying mounts through the breach in the palisade and were gone up the well-worn trail toward the north.

Tantor carried him deep into the jungle, he paused until no sound from the distant village reached his keen ears. Then he turned his horse gently down. Korak struggled to free himself from the bonds, but even his great strength was unable to cope with the many strands of hard-knotted cord that bound him.

While he lay there, working and resting by turns, the elephant stood guard over him; nor was there jungle enemy that dared to tempt the sudden death that lay in that mighty bulk.

At last, came, and still Korak was no nearer freedom than before, but he waited to believe that he should die there of thirst and starvation with plenty all about him, for he knew that Tantor could not loose the bond he held him.

And while he struggled through the night with his bonds, Baynes and Meriem were riding rapidly northward along the river. The girl had assured Baynes that Korak was safe in the jungle with Tantor. It had not occurred to her that the ape-man might not be able to burst his bonds.

Baynes had been wounded by a shot from the rifle of one of the Arabs, and the girl wanted to get him back to Bwana's home, where he could be properly cared for.

"Then," she said, "I shall get Bwana to come with me and search for Korak. He must come and live with us."

All night they rode, and the day was still young when they came suddenly upon a party hurrying southward. It was Bwana himself and his sleek black warriors.

At sight of Baynes the big Englishman's brows contracted in a frown, but he waited to hear Meriem's story before giving vent to the long pent anger in his breast. When she had finished he seemed to have forgotten Baynes. His thoughts were occupied with another subject.

"You say that you found Korak?" he asked. "You really saw him?"

"Yes," replied Meriem; "as plainly as I see the tip of one of the Arab's ears, and Bwana, and help me find him again."

"Did you see him?" He turned toward the Hon. Morrison.

"Yes, sir," replied Baynes; "very plainly. What sort of appearing man is he?"

continued Bwana. "About how old would you say?"

"I should say he was an Englishman, about my own age," replied Baynes; "though he might be older. He is remarkably muscled and very tanned."

"His eyes and hair, did you notice them?" Bwana spoke rapidly, almost excitedly. It was Meriem who answered him.

"Korak's hair is black and his eyes are gray," she said.

"Take Miss Meriem and Mr. Baynes home," he said. "I am going into the jungle."

"I will go with you, Bwana," cried Meriem. "You are going to search for Korak. Let me go, too!"

Bwana turned sadly but firmly upon the girl.

"Your place," he said, "is beside the man you love."

Then he motioned to his headman to take his horse and commence the return journey to the farm. Meriem slowly mounted the tired Arab that had brought her from the village of the sheik. A litter was rigged for the now feverish Baynes, and the little cavalcade was soon slowly winding along the river trail.

Bwana stood watching them until they were out of sight. Not once had Meriem turned her eyes backward. She rode with bowed head and drooping shoulders.

Bwana sighed. He loved the little Arab girl as he might have loved his own daughter. He realized that Baynes had redeemed himself, and so he could interpose no objections now if Meriem really loved the man. But, somehow or other, he could not convince himself that the Hon. Morrison was worthy of his little Meriem.

Slowly he turned toward a nearby tree. Leaping upward, he caught a lower branch and drew himself up among the branches. His movements were catlike and agile. High into the tree he made his way, and there commenced to dress himself in his clothing. From the same bag across one shoulder he drew a long strip of doekskin, a neatly coiled rope and a wicked-looking knife.

The doekskin he fashion into a loin-cloth, the rope he looped over his shoulder and the knife he thrust into the belt formed by his g-string.

When he stood erect, his head thrown back and his great chest expanded a grim smile touched his lips for a moment. His nostrils dilated as he sniffed the jungle odors. His gray eyes narrowed. He crouched and leaped to a lower limb, and was away through the trees toward the southeast, bearing away from the river. He moved swiftly, stopping only occasionally to raise his voice in a weird and piercing scream and to listen for a moment after for a reply.

He had traveled thus for several hours, when, ahead of him and a little to his left, he heard far off in the jungle a faint repetition of the cry of a bull ape answering his cry.

His nerves tingled and his eyes lighted as the sound fell upon his ears. Again he raised his hideous yell, and sped forward in the new direction.

Korak, finally becoming convinced that he must die if he remained where he was, waiting for the rescue that could not come, spoke to Tantor in the strange tongue that the great beast understood. He commanded the elephant to lift him and carry him toward the northeast. There recently Korak had seen both white men and black. If he could come upon one of the latter it would be a simple matter to command Tantor to capture the fellow, and then Korak could get him to release him from the stake. It was worth trying at least—better than lying there in the jungle until he died.

As Tantor bore him along through the forest, Korak called aloud now and then in the hope of attracting a white or a black, anthropoid, whose wandering often brought them into this neighborhood. Akut, he thought, might be able to help him negotiate the knots—he had done so upon that other occasion when the Russian had bound Korak years before. And Akut to the south of him he had seen the day before. There was another who heard them, too.

After Bwana had left his party, sending it back toward the farm, Meriem had ridden for a short distance with her head. What thoughts passed through that active brain who may say? Presently she seemed to come to a decision. She called the headman to her.

"I am going back with Bwana," she announced.

The black shook his head. "No," he announced. "Bwana says I take you home. So I take you home."

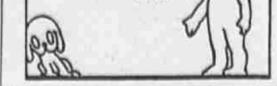
"You refuse to let me go?" asked the girl.

The black nodded, and fell to the rear where he might better watch her. Meriem half smiled.

Presently her horse passed beneath a low

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I gave some burglars all my pay Who held me up the other day I wouldn't stoop to argue if They think it's nice to act that way



hanging branch, and the black headman found himself gazing at the girl's empty saddle. He ran forward to the tree into which she had disappeared. He could see nothing of her. He called, but there was no response, unless it might have been a low, taunting laugh far to the right. He sent his men into the jungle to search for her, but they came back empty handed. After a while he resumed his march toward the farm, for Baynes by this time was delirious with fever.

Meriem, shedding the awkward Arab robe she had given her in the sheik's douk, raced in riding breeches and barefoot straight back toward the point she imagined Tantor would make for—a point which she knew the elephants often gathered deep in the forest due east of the sheik's village.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

WIRE TO PARENTS TELLS OF WEDDING AT ELKTON

Miss Lorraine Witty, of Philadelphia, Becomes Bride of Charles W. Gale, Atlantic City

Word was received today of the wedding of Miss Lorraine Witty, of Philadelphia, and Charles W. Gale, of Atlantic City. The news came as a surprise to friends of the pair and it was generally believed that they had eloped.

Mr. Gale, according to close friends, met Miss Witty by appointment. The pair then slipped away to Elkton, Md., where they were married. The bridegroom is in the insurance business at the seashore and is a member of the firm of Gale and Godshall. His father is captain of the sailing yacht Princeton which is used for fishing excursions and sailing parties from the inlet.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Witty, of 1608 West Allegheny avenue. Her father is a manufacturer. Mr. Gale's parents first heard of the wedding, it is said, through a telegram which the pair sent from Elkton. The bride's parents were apprised of the event in the same manner.

The bridegroom is 24 years old and the bride two years younger.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

- Charles C. Schenck, 2100 N. Hutchinson st., and Helen E. Shute, 1403 N. ... Harry C. Bernard, 217 24th Paton st., and Isabel E. ... Thomas Hayes, Clifton Heights, Pa., and Ross Moran, J. Thomas, Jr., 2840 S. Bouvier st., ... Frank Hill, Stone House lane, and Mary Kant, ... Albert A. Mastin, Washington, D. C., and ... George J. Gensheimer, 2025 Morris st., and ... Okie Reynolds, 1028 S. 17th st., and Jane ... Kayne F. Lane, 8046 N. Fairhill st., and ... Owen Reichel, 1616 Richmond st., and ... Howard, 1513 Mt. Vernon st., and ... M. Nightingale, 3116 Joyce st., and Florence ... Carl Schaller, 282 N. Colorado st., and Louise ... Schwab, 3349 Spethman st., and Lulu ... Joseph J. Rosenblatt, 1148 N. 24 st., and ... R. Schwartz, Port Norris, N. J., and Jane ... M. Reaney, 3529 Chester ave., Taylor st., and ... Ellen Mulhern, 1714 Vine st., and Leah F. ... Jacob, 426 W. Dauphin st., and ... John O. Armstrong, 1100 W. 21st st., and Anna ... Richard P. B. Gimm, 2110 N. Broad st., and ... James Sherwood, 40 N. Paton st., and Helen ... Harry J. Carroll, 1110 N. Redfield st., and ... Thomas Dwan, 2722 N. Grant st., and Jennie ... James Grambling, 1242 Cadwalader st., and ... Robert H. Totten, 1538 Butler st., and Anna G. ... John H. Nusser, Jr., 701 N. 27th st., and Ella ... Patrick, 2100 N. 27th st., and ... H. McCord, 400 N. 58th st., and ... Zenobia A. Haywood, 1455 N. Edgewood st.

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READ

The Gods of Mars

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

THIS new Burroughs story is a sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars." It contains all the thrill of rapid action, intense narrative and strongly-drawn scenes in the planet Mars, which Evening Ledger readers have learned to expect from this author. As a sequel to previous Burroughs stories it will hold the attention from start to finish. It commences in

Saturday's

Evening Ledger

One Cent

Things to Know and Do

What word can you make out of the letters C, J, H, S, M, U, E, G? (Sent in by John Hayes.)

What is there that Rainbow boys and girls have never seen before? (Sent in by Bruce Carr, Idlewood, Pa.)

LUTHERANS PREPARE TO MARK REFORMATION ANNIVERSARY IN 1917

169th Annual Convention Discusses Many Problems of Church and State and Social Welfare

WILL ADJOURN TONIGHT

READING, Pa., June 15.—After being in session here since Monday evening the 169th annual convention of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania and adjacent States will adjourn in Trinity Church here tonight. Today's sessions were devoted largely to addresses calling for greater enthusiasm on the part of the members in preparation for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the Protestant Reformation in 1917.

Tonight's session will be taken up with an ordination service, during which 14 young men will be taken into the ministry. The address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Jacob Fry, former pastor of Trinity Church, at 4 now at Mt. Airy College.

The budget adopted today for the coming year sets aside \$4500 for the Mt. Airy Seminary, \$17,000 for Muhlenberg College, Allentown; \$1000 for relief of pastors' widows, \$4000 for salaries and \$2525 for repayment of loans.

The following appointments were asked for by the general synodical boards: Foreign missions, \$28,000; English home missions, \$40,000; German home missions, \$12,500; United States missions, \$4325; Slav and Hungarian missions, \$8400; Jewish missions, \$1250; Kropp commission, \$1250; student work, \$2000.

Oratory in a variety of styles and in two languages was delivered in large quantities at today's sessions by advocates of the various mission causes and outlining the celebration planned by the Lutheran Church of this country to observe the 400th anniversary of the Protestant reformation, which began in 1517. The Rev. Dr. F. E. Schmock stated that the greatest celebration will take place in Philadelphia, this being the center of the observance throughout North America.

Mt. Airy Seminary, Philadelphia, was made an official school of the Synod and a committee was appointed to carry on the work next year.

MYSTERY MAN WEDS; BRIDE QUICK DIVORCEE

Mr. Darling, Who Doesn't Live at Bellevue, Marries Mrs. Gladys P. Pushee

Mrs. Gladys Peck Pushee, prominent socially in Stamford, Conn., whose sudden divorce from Roy Pushee, of West Newton, Mass., caused a sensation, has been married to the mysterious Mr. Darling, of Philadelphia, perhaps. Mr. Darling's full name is Richard Salisbury Darling. He is a manufacturer and "lives" at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel on South Broad street. He isn't and he doesn't.

They never heard of Mr. Darling at the Bellevue. He has not a suite, nor a room, not even a favorite chair in the lobby. As a manufacturer, Mr. Darling is equally prominent. He is not a member in good standing at the Manufacturers' Club, nor of any of the standing at all. Mr. Darling's Philadelphia license gave his age as 26.

Mr. Darling and Mrs. Pushee were married in New Rochelle, N. Y., on Monday, some one is willing to swear. But his ability as a concealer of identity must have been exercised in connection with the marriage, even extending to the matter of Mrs. Pushee's divorce, for the marriage was news to Mrs. Pushee's mother and the divorce surprised all her friends.

Takes Poison; Calls Husband; Dies

Mrs. Charlotte Smithwaite, 30 years old, 6738 Dittman street, committed suicide at her home early today, by swallowing poison tablets. She awakened her husband and told him that she had taken the poison. He immediately summoned Dr. Martha Omond, 8952 Torresdale avenue, but when the physician arrived it was too late to do anything for Mrs. Smithwaite. For several months, according to the police, Mrs. Smithwaite had been suffering from nervous breakdown.

Paving of Walnut Street Promised

Complaints have been made by business men of Walnut street, between 30 and 6th, on account of the bad condition of the paving. As a result the Walnut Street Business Association requested Chief Connelly of the Bureau of Highways, to remedy the condition.

Mr. Connelly said today that the street would be paved with asphalt in the section named just as soon as numerous conduits and pipes in that vicinity had been repaired.

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Gold Seal Sifted Peas, can .13c Gold Seal Early June Peas, can .10c Tender Peas, can .10c Choice Tomatoes, large can .15c Gold Seal Peaches, can .15c Gold Seal Beans in Sauce, can .8c Heinz Spaghetti, can .8c, 13c 8c can Sauer Kraut for .8c, 13c

Large Can New California Asparagus, 15c Fancy new California Asparagus. This season's packing.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A LETTER FROM MIMI

Dear Farmer Smith, Rainbow Editor—I am Mimi, the chimpanzee. You see, I used to belong to Doctor Furness, but he has gone to Africa—I (I hope he brings back some company for me)—and so now I am at the Gardens of the Zoological Society, at 34th and Girard avenue. I like it very much thank you.

In about three weeks I will be ready to see my little friends, the children, and I want you to give them my love and tell them to come and see me.

I read the Rainbow News every night over the shoulder of one of my keepers.

Isn't that grand? I suppose you did not know that I could write, but I can and also I can say "papa" and "mamma." I will try to draw you some pictures later on.

Oh, yes; please send me one of your beautiful buttons. I promise to do some kindness each day. There are iron bars between me and the big world, but I will be kind to my keepers. It will not hurt if I poke the keeper's hat off once in a while, will it?

Don't tell anybody, but I am now being examined for my health, and every time the folks come to look down my throat, I cough and then I get a lot of good things to eat. They can't monkey with me, for I am a chimpanzee.

Well, I must be getting ready for my cough as I hear the things rattling in the other room and I know that they are getting ready to feed me.

Good-by, I send a chimpanzee kiss for the children. Did you ever see a chimpanzee kiss before? With love to the children. MIMI. The Monkey House, June 14, 1916.

P. S.—Don't forget to tell the children that I am an educated chimpanzee and tell them to come and see for themselves.

Case Number 3 Little folks have good memories. The thought of "Case Number 3" is still alive in the hearts of the Rainbows. Bessie Carr, of Idlewood, N. J., sent twenty-five beautiful picture postcards to be forwarded to the hospital. The views ranged all the way from Florida to Philadelphia. Mary Dillmore, who falls to send her own address, sent a lovely message on quills and a postal. Part of it said, "I know how it is, for I was in the hospital, too, at one time. Will Mary please send us her address?"

The following letter, straight from the heart of a little girl, explains itself so much better than we ever could! Therefore we print it word for word. Needless to say it and all the lovely "four-score things" Dorothy tells about were forwarded immediately to Case Number 3.

Dear Little Boy: I am just ten years old. How old are you? I am sending you this letter as a whole "four-score" or good things. A rose, bud, two stories, four sheets of drawing paper, a picture, a postcard, a puzzle, and my love. Quite as many things as I am old.

I will give directions for the things just as I named them. First, the rosebud. I send it to tell you this letter is as fresh from my heart as the rosebud in the bush. Then the two stories to tell you I will write anything for you. The picture is to tell you I love study. The postcard I will write often. The puzzle that I'm writing this just as I would talk to you, and my love, just because I love you.

What is your name and have you any brothers or sisters? I have one sister, Mildred, and a stepbrother, Jack, Jr. I am a girl, but I wish I were a boy.

Will you write to me? If you do I will answer every single time. This time the stories are everyday things, but next time they will be war stories, I am sure. With lots of good-bys, I am, sincerely, CATHY MURRAY.

FARMER SMITH, Care of the EVENING LEDGER. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a book about A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL AROUND THE WAY.

Name: Address: Age: School I attend:

Things to Know and Do 1. What word can you make out of the letters C, J, H, S, M, U, E, G? (Sent in by John Hayes.) 2. What is there that Rainbow boys and girls have never seen before? (Sent in by Bruce Carr, Idlewood, Pa.)

1915 in Bell History

SEVENTY-TWO months ago, sharp upon a prolonged period of world-wide peace and plenty, all Europe burst into flame. Great nations flew at each others' throats, and gloried in the tearing down of civilization's most cherished laws and works.

We, in this country, stood puzzled and agast. Over our commerce and our industries was cast a giant shadow. Men hesitated; there was a slowing-up in many quarters and in others progress ceased entirely. Sporadic "booms" have contributed in some small measure to the restoration of confidence; but it has been only the insistent Americanism of this country's more determined, stalwart men of business that has held us to our course.

During 1915 the Bell System, unflinching in its progress, gave to the world two of the greatest achievements in the annals of communication; for on January 25th were joined together the last copper lengths of the transcontinental telephone line which linked the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts, and, but a few months later, came the accomplishment of wireless telephony, and man's voice, disdaining even wires, flashed out from Washington a fifth of the distance 'round the globe to find listening ears in Honolulu and in Paris.

Amid the unrest of that most trying year, the Bell System added more than a million miles of wire to the network that now totals eighteen and a half million miles, binding together over nine million telephones in seventy thousand communities.

Since 1916 began, this progress has been maintained. We are proud of it, and we believe that the American people likewise are; for not only does it evidence a mutuality of confidence between the public and the Company, but gives ample promise that the future requirements made on the business will be fully met.

War Uncertainty Stress Unusual Demands on Service Transcontinental Wire System. Wireless Telephony Achieved. 502,228 New Stations 1,029,931 Miles of wire added. 13,767 Employees added.

The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA